

I've got my finger on the trigger,
And my hand around the gun,
If you all see me coming then
Then you better start to run.

I'm going Postal,
I'm going Postal,

Oh I've got a score to settle
With that stupid boss of mine

I've had it up to here w/ this ^{stupid} chicken stuff
With a bunch of stupid managers that think they so damn tough
~~If you see me coming~~
~~If you don't see me coming~~ I'll get you sure enough
~~Drop your gun your gun wrong~~
I'm going Postal

I've got this gun but meeting,
Won't sit through any more,
And if you know what's good
You better head on out that door,
You're off your gun your last order

~~So cancel you~~

I'm gonna cancel your appointment w/ some authority
I've got my own retirement plan I'm gonna let you fly
To a place that's slightly warmer than where you want to be
And you'll finally get to see that little number 10
In your postal

I don't really want to fly you
But I'm really got to fly
So why don't you wind on over
And say your little goodbye.

I'm going postal.

Please don't take this personal afterwards I'll never repent
When I've used my ammunition & this bullet is all spent
I'm just the product of a really bad environment.